rectly in the path of those coming from the great office buildings to the bridge. So strong and irresistible has been the cur-

SPREADING THE LIGHT.

HOW THE EXTRA EVENING SUN IS SENT UPON ITS LUMINOUS WAY.

The Army of Piece Boys and the Figher Squadron of Carts That Pour Through the Town Daily, Sundays Excepted.

Since the day the Brocklyn Bridge opened, an endless surging crowd of humanity has swept by the office of The Sun every ovening between 6 and 7 o'clock. It is the hour during between 6 and 7 o'clock. It is the hour during is released, and is moving homeward, and the pavement in front of The Sun building lies directly in the path of those coming from the great office buildings to the bridge.

So strong and irresistible has been the cur-

great office buildings to the bridge.

Bo strong and irresistible has been the current of humanity going northward that the few men or women who have once attempted to stem the tide, by walking in the opposite direction, have invariably retired from the contest with disarranged clothing and some more or less severe bruises from impatient elbows.

Not long ago, however, the home-seeking throng pouring from Nassau street and the stream added to it where Park row comes in at an acute angle, were turned aside in front of The Sun building as if the rock of Gibraltar.



challenged their further progress. The astondaries of the obstacle, overflowed into the they had crossed Frankfort street and found Hotel. Then nine out of ten of the thousands would turn and take a view of the obstruction which they had encountered. They saw a growd of men and boys, wedged into a compact mass, standing as if planted like posts, and apparently doing nothing with great persistency and success. The unenlightened workers, after a pause, continued their way homeward after a pause, continued their way homeward without solving the mystery or appreciating the motive which induced that throng of men and boys to remain motionless and voiceless, staring steadily at the front of THE SUN building. Had the hurrying pedestrians watted until 70 clock they would have noticed that the boys were ever pressing onward, despite an occasional protest from some youngster whose ribs were cracking. When the hands of the City Hall clock pointed to 7 the waiting boys seemed to quiver with suppressed excitement. There was a remarkably hush of expectancy on the group, and each man and boy by this time had turned his better ear toward THE SUN office. Studienly a low, humming sound not unlike the noise of an approaching railroad train was heard. It grew louder and louder and served as an accompaniment to a chorus: "There she goes!"

BEER AND BASE BALL.

What he has learned will lead to the release of probably two outlielders, one baseman, a change catcher, and another all-round player. It has been an open secret among men about town for the past month that several members of the Philadelphia team have been drinking hard, and it has also been known, as their records show, that they have played wretched ball. These men stayed up last Sunday night to welcome the Fourth of July, and two of the players didn't go to bed at all. On the Fourth they played two games with the Pittsburgh team, and both clubs played wretchedly. In the afternoon game twenty-five well-known lovers of the game signed an agreement not to go to see another game on the Philadelphia grounds until the Phillies played better ball, the penaity to be the forfeiture of \$10 every time any one of the twenty-five violated his promise. One of the signers of the agreement is a well-known theatrical manager. It is well known that the attendance at the Philadelphia grounds has steadily fallen off for the past twenty-games that have been played, and there have been many complaints about the poor playing of the home team which have not escenged the ears of the management. Harry Wright and Al Reach have not excended the sear of the management than one conference in the pand at last Messra, which we have been many complaints about the conclusion that beer and base ball won't mit.

Harry Wright went to the head of a well-known detective agency, and told the detective what he wanted it hat he had reluctanily come to the conclusion that some of the Philadelphia nlayers were playing poor bail because they were dissipating. Then Manager Wright told the detective what he wanted done. The ball players were to be shadowed, and when they were caught in a saloon having a good time Manager Wright, who was to be in waiting at a place agreed upon, was to be sent for. so that he could see with his own eyes just who the men were and what their condition was. The detective sever still shadowing them at middle the players had a

and another cart disappeared to the north, one went to Brooklyn, and another to Jersey City, and soon the struggling boys on the sidewalk and in the basement had become convinced that they would all be able to get copies of the much-desired extra if they would only be patient. From 7 to 8 o'clock the struggling crowd maintained its formation on the sidewalk and in the basement, and never seemed to grow less. Before all those who had originally walted had been served with the extra sporting edition, many of those who got early supplies were back again for more. The papers sold with marvellous rapidity, every passing man, woman, and boy investing in a copy for one cent. They found it well worth the investment if they were at all interested in sporting news, for the edition contained all the base ball games plaved during the afternoon in all the great cities East and West, full descriptions of all the racing at Jerome Park. Brighton Besch, and Gravesend, as well as miscellaneous sporting news from all parts of the world. As a result of the presence of that mass of humanity which had turned the homeward tide of Brooklystics. The Evening Sun's sporting edition was scattered all over the city from the Battery to the Harlem River before 9 o'clock that night. So it has been every evening since, Sundays and the Fourth of July excepted, and now the homeward-bound Brooklynites no longer try to force their way through the walting crowd in front of The Sun office. They know that the boys must have the extras, and bow to the inevitable. Besides, most of the pedestrians do not object to being compelled to go out of the way, They go over to French's Hotel navement and wait until the eager boys are offering for sale copies of the paper. Then everybody buys one and goes home contented.

They Wen't Mix Well, as Several Philadelphia and Pittsburgh Players will Flad.

Detectives have been shadowing the players of the Philadelphia Times.

Detectives have been shadowing the players of the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh Base Ball Clubs for several nights, and in consequence of evidence that has been collected against several of the players of both clubs they are to be released and other men will take thoir players. The important changes are to take place next week. Detectives watching ball players is the very latest novelty in connection with the national game, but things have come to such a pass that the managers have found it absolutely necessary to have their men watched, so that they can account for bad playing and get rid of players who spend their nights in carousing. The Phillies received two weeks pay last night, and three detectives and Manager Harry Wright shadowed them all night, and in several instances the suspicions of Manager Wright were confirmed.

What he has learned will lead to the release

when they got to Eighth and Chestnut streets they entored Green's billiard room.
Capt. Brown and Pitcher Morris played a three-ball game of billiards. Every time either made a brilliant shot they ordered beer. Pitcher Morris is a good player and he made a number of brilliant shots. The detectives stood in Jayne street, a little, dark thoroughfare, and looked through the windows of the billiard room at the game. Then one of the detectives went after Manager Phillips to the Girard House. Manager Phillips disguised himself in a slouch hat, pulled it down over his eyes, and hurried to Jayne street. He got there just as Morris and Brown were taking another beer. Manager Phillips sent a detective after President Nimick who hurried down the street just as Brown and Morris were drinking the last of the beer in their glasses. Manager Phillips wanted President Nimick to take his slouch hat, so that Brown and Morris if they saw him wouldn't recognize him, but President Nimick said:

"No: I don't care whether they see me or not. I've caught them."

When the game of billiards was over Morris and Brown ordered two big glasses of seltzer water. They were both feeling good.

"That's to sober up on," said Manager Phillips, as they drank the seltzer water.

Pitcher Morris has aiready been fined this season. Ho was the crack pitcher in the Association two years ago, but since he has been in the League he has been drinking a great deal and hasn't been near so effective. He signed an agreement to forfeit two weeks' pay every time he was detected drinking intoxicants. Manager Phillips said last evening that he would either be fined \$185.86 or released. In yesterday's game Pitcher Morris allowed seven of the Phillies to take their bases on balls, besides they made fifteen hits. A well-known Pittsburgher, stopping at the Girard House, asked Fresident Nimick what was the matter with Morris.

"Oh, he was just getting off of advunk." was the reply.

President Nimick added that until the boozers' were weekeld out of the club the satoped f

in the players heretolore, but that is at an end now."

Manager Phillips does not think the Pittsburgs are in too fast company. "We have a good team," said he, "and there is no reason why we shouldn't play as good ball as Chicago, Boston, or Detroit. Our trouble seems to be in batting. We don't bunch our hits, and yet we occasionally knock a pitcher out of the box. Beecher has strengthened us with the stick, and with one or two more changes, which will shortly be made. I expect to remedy this defect. We will be back here on the 19th, and I think you will find a marked improvement in the club."

the Phillies, who was in ambush at Tenth and Market streets, came down Tenth. Fogarty saw him, and he and his companions wont up a blind alloy until Harry Wright passed down the atreet. Then Fogarty cleared out and Morria Brown, and Carroll went back and stood on the payement in front of the Fost Office for two hours, looking suspiciously about them for President Nimick or Manager Phillips. All the time two detectives were within a hundred feet of them, and the third detective was following. McCormick. Kuehne, Whitney, and "Fop" Smith, who had quietly stolen away. A "Fop" Smith who had quietly stolen away. A "Fop" Sm The manufacturing jewellers have formed a

It was Highly Creditable to All Cone

And Kneeked First City Silly.

From the Knass City Silly.

The recent hanging of Sneed recalls an execution in Wyoming Territory, away back in the early days. The execution was a novel one, and was long regarded as the most surprisingly unique affair which had ever claimed the attention of the tien rough a legal control of the tien of

able Jedge an' sorter weld his affection to the town."

I shall not enter into the details of the trial. Ed was convicted and sentenced with all due solemnity to be hanged by the neck until dead, the sentence winding up with the usual prayer—and, I may add, the only prayer a Western Judge ever permitted to come from his lips.

"Is everything arranged in proper shape, Tom?" asked Ed of the Sheriff on the morning of the day set for the execution.

"Nothin' has bin left undone, Ed, an' the thing's a-goin' to be a grand success. The posts o' the scaffold's oin foschooned with flowers by the girls, an' they're tied red, white, an' blue ribbons on the rope above the noose. An' they're goin' ter sing a song, too—they're a practisin' en it now—a song that begins:

"Ado, adoo, vain world, aroo,

The nills o'the gods mus grind.

"It war writ by John Stimson, the store-keeper, an' he says it is the one crownin' triumphant effort of his declinin' years. I tell you, Ed, you'd orter be a proud man to git sich a gorgeous send off."

"I am, Sam, an' I'm goin' to do my level best to make myself worthy o'the occasion an' make it pleasin' an' interestin' fur the boys. But say, wouldn't it make Pine Croek look sick if we could ring in a gospel man to taper the thing off in real refined style by flirtin' his jaw on a suitful prayer an' sort o' consolin' of me, you know, durin' the progress o' the entertainment? They allers do it in the States.

"We thought o' that, Ed, but thar isn't a sky pilot on the range, an' we can't git nobody to play preacher. We begged like Long to do it, fur he looks like a parson, you know, but he kicked back'ards with both feet an' said that was axin' too much. He said he was willin' to do anything in reason to add to the joy o' the festivities, but he had a character at stake an' a family back in the States, an' he didn't perpose to suily one nor pain the other by makin' sich a wild play as that. An' he was right, too, Ed, you know that."

"Course he was. I wouldn't do it myself. Wal, we'll make it go off pleasant, anyhow. I'il give the boys a speech that'il please 'em, an' that, with the girls, singin' an' the drap an' the subsequent funeral 'il do fust rate fur the first attempt."

The scaffold was erected on a flat on the banks of the creek. It was, as the Sheriff told the condemned, tastefully decorated with wild flowers, plae boughs, and ribbons, and presented a very handsome and attractive appearance. In the centre of the cross beam, from which the rope dangled, was a wrenth of cedars encircling the sentiment:

The floor of the scaffold was strewn with freshly out grass, and two framed chromos

encircling the sentiment:

Pairwell, fairwell our bruther dere,
Thiose will leve us leanly heer.

The floor of the scaffold was strewn with
freshly cut grass, and two framed chromos
borrowed from the Clipper salcon hung on the
upright posts. Nothing that would enhance
the beauty of the scene or contribute to the
pleasure of the condemned seemed to have
been overlooked. It was a gala day in the
little mountain town. At an early hour the inhabitants were astir, and the coming entortainment was the one theme of conversation.
The mon put on their best clothes, and the
girls, the inevitable adjunct to every mining
camp, arrayed their frail forms in all their
finery in honor of the great occasion. Big Foot
Ed was the here of the day, and wishes that
his journey along the mystic trail which connected this world and the mysterious realms
beyond were drunt in bumpers of fary liquor.
An hour before the time set for the exercises
to begin the people began to flock to the spot
where the gaviy decorated gallows stood, its
gaudy trappings suggesting anything but
death, and it was soon, the centre of a motley
crowd of miners, gamblers, hunters, frail
women, and a slight sprinkling of Indians.
The announcement soon spread among the
crowd that the procession was approaching.
Ed walked beside the Sheriff with a proud
step, and smiled cordially upon the multitude
when he had ascended the scaffold. He was
provided with a sest, and Sheriff Sam addrassed the people as follows:

"Fellow clizens: This ar' an orspicious occasion, an' I'm proud to be abla to officiate
here in my officious character of Sheriff of this
'ere county. The success of the happy event is
a dead sure thing, an' it's goin' to go off in a
yery pleasurable manner. I now have the
fellicity to announce that John Stimson, dealer
in ginceral merchandise, miners' supplies, guns,
ammunition, whiskey, &c., as he has requested
me to announce, will rectice an original poem
originated expressly for the occasion.

Mr. Stimson came to the front, and bowed
imperiously

WHAT IS DEATH? Pray, what is death? 'Tis but a trip,
Beyond this wale of tears—'Tis but a slipping of the gris,
A bursting of the gears.
Au then we sleep to wake agin
Beyond the cares of earth.
To play the heavenity cherubim
For all the thing is worth. This life is but a fitful dream.
As rifted pen has writ.
An 'when across the mystic stream.
Our tired aports fill.
Ourselves we'll soon habituate.
An 'never shed a tear.
For bready smuch an 'whishey straight.
These mochas those meets here.

We're all assembled here to day. To witness Edward's doom. To see him make his linst play. An' as he six here quietly. An' as he six here quietly. His face is all alight. With lay an' pride, to think that he tan give us sich delight.

Prewell, deer Ed. thou gay galoot,
We'll miss time from our ordet.
But then thou shoulds not execute
The thoughtless deed thou didst.
Then soon wits dauge from the rope,
An' each intense spectator
Whis see thee dangle, with the hope
That he will see the later.

Like eager traveller dost then walt.
To leave by the neck's strain, [Applause.]
To land up by the golden gate
and ne or return again.
The last service from world of strife
1 give with earnest breath:
You ne'er were known to "kick" in life,
Fray do not kick in death.

There was loud applause, and the girls grouped themselves on the scaffold and sang the song referred to, responding to a vigorous encore with "Oh, bem Golden Slippers," during the rendition of which the condemned man frequently cast his eyes downward to his robust feet, as if wondering if he could secure a fit. The last notes of the song were swamped beneath another fortent of applause, and the girls descended from the senfold. The Sheriff once more came to the front:

"The thing's a goin off splendidly," "he said. "It surpasses my most sangulnary expectations, Felier citizens, this is a proud day for all of us, an' no one can feet more impetuous pride than I do. I now have the felicitous honor of introducin to you Mr. Ed Comstock, the gentleman as will seen take the trail for kingdom come. As you all see, he has conducted himself with the nost proper rectitude in all the percedins, an' I am proud it has fallen to me to hang such a perfect gentleman."

Ed advanced to the front, and when the loud applause had subsided began his carefully prepared speech:

"Ladips and gentlemen: Words are too weak affairs in which to express the swayin', surgin' leelin's which are now pitchin' about in my soul. This grand demonstrativeness, got up in my honor, is worthy of a king. You are here to see me off on my journey, an' I assure you that I will not forget your kind efforts to make the partin' pleasant to me. I have a wife an' two kids back in the States, an', oh, what pride will swell the bosoms o' them boys while teilin' others that their o' man war the found one to be lawully hung in Sweetwater county.

"Regarding the crime for which I stand here i will simply say ting the eards run agin

one an' all good-by, an il you ever cum my way be sure an' hunt me up. Mr. Sheriff, it's your play."

His hands and feet were quickly bound and the rope placed about his neck. By his own request no black cap was drawn over his face. The Sheriff stood with his 'hand on the lever, and the spectators held their breath awaiting the final act.

"Once more good-by," the doomed man shouted. "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes unto ashes. He that sheddeth man's blood by man shall he be likewise shedded. An eye fur an eye, an' a tooth fur a tooth, fur virily I say unto you that than's more joy in heaven over a lost sheep than over a hull herd that never left the corral. Mr. Sheriff, will you kindiy let 'er go?"

The Sheriff accommodatingly did as requested, and Ed shot through the trap. He seemed to throw his whole soul into that one last effort, and went down with a determined vigor that elicited words of praise from every one in the crowd. He hung there with a sort of stiff pride and dignity, as if conscious that he had done his whole duty in his efforts to please his audience.

Latter Stands at the Altar After Muss. From the Cincinnatt Enquirer.

try with constornation and sorrow, took place at the city of Morelia, State of Michosean, during the Corpus Christi Day, or procession held on that day in Roman Catholic countries. This ovent resembles very much the one that occurred in the total shale of the control of the countries. The sorrow of the same positions in the Catholic Church, Blabop José Maria Cazares and Pablo Rojas, a clergyman, boil from Morelia, were the actors in this trager.

It is trager morning at 10 colock the large cathedral was crowded to the uttermed. Bishop Cazares was officiating. The sermon and mass wore heard with great attention by the audionce. When the mass was over, when a clergyman, who stood during the services near the altar, made his way to the altar through a crowd of many ladies, who thought him to be the next priest to perform the services. He cann't as the services of the services was the services and the services. He cann't as the services are the altar, made his way to the altar through a crowd of many ladies, who thought him to be the next priest to perform the services. He cann't are blistop for the services was the services and the services and the services of the services of the services of the services. He cann't are the services and the services of the servi

Magistrate (to policeman)—What's the charge against the prisoner?
Policeman—Attempt at suicide, yer Honor. He asked me s'hare he could buy some canned saimen.

An Important Expedition of Astronomer from Harvard College to Colorado.

Gehn Allis's Rabies.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

One of the most remarkable incidents relative to the afficion termed the rapies came to light yesterday. The victim is John Allis. Seven years ago a small terrier bit him. Since that lime he has remarked in constant terror of anything agonality has concurred he instance of the most pently has occurred he in the first the most pently has occurred he in the first the most pently of the seven the first The main fasts concerning the munificent bequest to the trustees of Harvard College observatory by the will of the late Unital A. I hast at the time the disposition of the money bequest, which amounts to \$230,000, or a little more by accumulation of interest, was made for the purposes of science in the department of the propose of the observatory.

These preparations are now completed, and the work is entered upon. Mr. W. H. Pickering, started for Colorado on Friday last, taking the propose of the pro

Prom the Philadelphia Nous.

Louis Herbst, who keeps a saloon and hotel on Market street, Camden, and who is one of the best known Germans in South Jersey, ceiebrated yeareday his third anniversary of a sximmed milk diet. Mr. Herbst is a large, thely formed man of about 50 years of age, and weighs about 200 pounds. Three years ago he was afflicted with dyspepsis, and kidney troubles, and was advised by his physician to try a diet of skimmed milk exclusively.

He tried the remedy for a couple of months and was so benefited by the diet that he dotermined to try it. At the establishment of Clark there is in process of manufacture a telescope of 13-inch and another of 10-inch dimensions, both being provided with photographic lenses. The 12-inch instrument already forwarded is for visual use. One of the unique appliances of the expedition is in the 13-inch telescope. The result of numerous conferences between the users and the makers of the instrument is that a modified or reversible lense has been introduced so that the same instrument can be used alternately for visual and for photographic purposes. This in itself may be reckoned a triumph already achieved, which in the record must go to the credit of this expedition.

The photographic plates will be returned to Cambridge to be worked up for results and for publication in the annals of the Harvard College observatory. It is not probable that observations will be continued in Colorado after cold weather begins, but the building and apparatus will be as secured against the weather as to be available in the early spring, and a long season for practical work will be assured for the next year.

MISS HOUGHTALING'S MEMORY, Its Curious Impairment Following a Severe

Headache-She Can't Remember Faces. From the Chicago Herald.

Headache—She Can't Remember Faces.

Prom the Chacos Heratal.

Miss Laura Houghtaling has for some days been suffering from a peculiar affection of the brain, which has of ar baffled the best medical skill. The prominence of the young lady in North Side society, her great beauty, rare social qualities, and instinctive refinement make the case a peculiarly sad one. A few mornings ago Miss Houghtaling, who had been suffering from a severe headache for several days, was aroused by her sister's coming into her room.

"Why," said she as she looked up. "your face seems familiar to me, Where have I met you?"

The sister replied in a jocular manner, thinking that the words were only uttered in fun. Further questioning, however, soon dispelled this illusion, and it was ascertained that Miss Houghtaling had completely lost her memory for faces. When she retired the night before she was in perfect health, with the exception of a headache, and was apparently in the best of spirits. It was at first thought that the loss of memory was but momentary, and that after she became thoroughly aroused it would disappear. Such was not the case, however, and the only person in the family whom she has been able to recognize is her mother. At present Miss Houghtaling is in excellent health, and with the exception of her isohool friends called upon her at the house. When she went into the parior to receive her she said:

"They stell me that I know you; that we were schoolmates, but I have not the slightest recollection of ever having met you before."

Miss Houghtaling is engaged to be married to a young Chicagoan, but has no recollection of her afflanced or the fact that the engagement exists.

One of the most pathetic incidents in the sad affair occurred a few days ago, when she went to the closet which contained her dresses. A married sister of hers had recently died, and she was in deep mourning.

"They stell me that I know you; that we were schoolmates, but I have not the slightest open of her intast from a hook, she continued: Why is

"Can you tell me where I can get something to eath' said a tramp, pitously, to a gentleman in Madison square. "I haven't tasted food in about a week."
"Well," replied the gentleman, "you can get a good square mead over at the Hoffman House, if you dear't miled what you hav far is."

CURIOUS FEATURES OF ACTUAL LIFE John Allis's Rabies.

"And who is this occurrence reporter."

It is a gentleman connected with the medical prefession, having an office in Hoston. Wis wife, who takes if possible, more interest in the caskets than himself, said to be the grandfaughter of a baron, and is reputs very rich in her own right." He Fooled the Train Robbers,

From the Cincinnati Engairer.

Just as they ontered his car he turned in his seat, and with an appearance of anxious despatch proceeded to squeeze a small satched behind the shutters of the next window. They could not help notteing his manocurre, and promptly ordered him to stand up and fold his hands. When they collared him in due course, their spokesman at once turned to that window. "What's this here? Try to beat us, you poor sinner did you? Logsie-hold him, let me see that bag: ahal bank notes; it thought so."

"Oh, don't! don i!" waited the poor sinner. "that's my children's money; they will slaves: they will die; my poor little girls."

"Girls, you say?" Send them this way, and we'll take eare of them. "was the brutal reply. "liow much is that, anylow Sefor, all I have in the world; \$12,000 in ."Oh, Lord, sure 12,300, i think."

"Oh, selection of the sele penny?"

"B—n it, no!" broke in the leader. "Let him keep that, and his watch, too. This will do us," shoving the roll into his gripsack. "Good boy!" with a sisp on his

The Oldest Couple in Hilinels.

METROPOLIS, III., June 29.—Perhaps the oldest married couple in the State of Hilmols are Nathanies denkins and Lydia, his wife, aged a force of the state of Hilmols are nathanies of the state of

Keep Your Powder Bry. From the Savannah News.

The Terrier and the Ceyete.

From the Bull Rier Valley News.

We have a dog—a yaller dog—and the way we have bragged on that dog and his fighting qualities will, we fear, prive a ber to our passage through the pearly grade of the search of

Flortda Copperheads.

From the Fulnith Herst.

For several days past laborers have been digging up the ground at the foot of Laural street. This ground is all made land. Yesterday, while one of the negroes stood on an old box in his bare feet, it gave way, one foot slipping on the inside. This made a hole large smouth for at least a dozen copper-headed moccasins to crawlout, the foot coming out also with the snakes. The copper-colored man turned a slivery color so he discovered one bite on the left foot. All the laborers gathered around with their hoes, showed, and pickaxes and killed half a dozen of the reptiles. The wounded man was handed a pint flask of Robinson county whisky, which he took freely as a snake medicine. One of the other men claimed also to be bitten, but as the liquor was all gone he went to back to work without a word since. It is a certain fact that the wounded man was cured by the liquor, and now suffers no inconvenience from the bits.

Cutting Down Expenses.

"Pullem," said a Dakota real estate agent, in town which is enjoying a boom, to his partner, 'I closed the deal with that man from Philadelphia." It was the takes the five lots and pays \$10,000. Let's figure up and see how we came out on them."

"Well, they cost us \$1,000."

"Yes, and it took about \$200 to treat and entertain that man from Chicago whom we tried to sell to."

"And I let the St. Pani man beat me out of \$300 at poker in the hope of selling to him."

"Then i eashed a bogus draft of \$250 for that man from New York, and then he skipped out without buying."

"Then that lows man took up two days of our time at \$50 a day."

"Yes, and said he wanted to think about it before buying. And then the sit. Louis man I took home it dinner with me, he stole aliverware to the value of \$15 and and I hadd after sell."

"We mustn't forget to figure in about \$50 for livery bills."

"Ne, nor \$25 for spending half a day to go to church

"We mustn't forget to figure in about \$50 to church billa."
"No, nor \$25 for spending half a day to go to church with that Boston man."
"And put down \$100 for advertising and \$50 that I had to pay Jones for keeping still when he accidentally overheard me tell this man we sold to that the march just behind the lots was an artificial lake put in by the city at a cost of \$50,000."
"Let's see—total \$2,050—profits \$7,550. That won't hardly do—we've got to make more than that."
"Yes, we must cut down expenses on the next deal somewhere. I guess we had better not spend time going to church with any more men." Genuine Antique Oak.

From the Column Sun.

In boring a well on the farm of Mrs. Sarah Williams, some five miles south of Colusa, Cal., J. C. Frazier, who has the farm rented, struck a piece of wood at a depth of 170 feet. The wood brought up the suger was in an excellent state of preservation, and was pronounced "all oak." This place is only five feet above the sea level, so that the wood is 120 feet below the ocean's surface. If it was sunk there when this valley was a lake or an arm of the bay, it was in pirely deep water. How long since this piece of wood was in agrowing tree? The valley, of course, has grown, but without some convulsion of nature the growth has been slow, not, perhaps, over one foot per century. Then has it been 17,000 years since this oak tree grew?

### All Diseases Of an oruptive nature, such as Eczema, Erystpelas.

Two \$5.000 Comma.

"A year ago last April a firm of manufacturing undertakers in this vicinity were given the most extraordinary commission which they had ever resleved. They were told to make two mahogany caskets of a particular design, to be above the tusual size, and in many parts fully six inches in thickness. They were cautioned not to say a word to any one about what they were doing, as their customer dreaded publicity in the matter. The caskets were made as ordered. It required \$700 worth of mahogany to complete them, as only the best wood and planks wide enough to make each side consist of one piece would answer. When they were ready and an inkiling of the affair rot out in this way. I have that reporters of almost every Boston paper tred to get a look at them or learn for whom they had been made, but without avail. They were taken from the factory in two two horse wagons, each one making a heavy load for a pair of horses to draw. Outside cases of the same material were also provided at great expense. The owner of the caskets had them taken to his estate and placed in a building which he had erected on purpose to receive them. In that building two of the best wood carvors to be obtained have worked on these caskets steadily for the past fourteen months, and they have steadily for the past fourteen months and they have ginted the mahogany the most wonderful and intricate designs which you could imagine, all from sketches furnished by eminent artists. There is a spider in the centre of a web so delicate that one's breath would almost seem to move it; akulis from which life-like sorpents are crawling; owis, hour glasses, and a hundred other things with symbolic meanings. At the rate the carvers are progressing it will take several years to finish their work and when it is done it will be the most marvellous thing of the kind in the world. I'll venure to say. I should think \$10,000 wond be a low flaure for both caskets. The insides will centain aliken hammocks, in which the bodies will ide, and many other

He was Always Honest Abe.

When Abraham Lincoln was a clerk in a dry goods store he sold a woman a little bill of goods, amounting in value by the reckoning to \$2.084. He received the money, and the woman went away. On adding the items of the bill caulin to make himself sure of correctness, he found that he had taken 64 cents too much. It was night, but, closing and locking the store, he started out on foot, a distance of two or three miles, for the house of the defrauded customer, and, delivering over to her the sum whose possession had so much troubled him, went home satisfied.

From the Boston Herald.

From the Toledo Blade.

Boils, Carbuncies, Pimples, Screfulous Seres, &c., have theif origin in the Blood, and any attempt to remedy these complaints without the use of an Alterative and Blood Furifier is worse than useless. For a thoroughly reliable medicine, Ayer's Sarenparilla has long been regarded as the standard; and by its continued use diseases of the blood are effectually

"Ayer's Sareaparilla remains the favorite in spite of all competitors."—Hugo Andriesson, Druggist, Seaver, Pa.

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"For months I was afflicted with Nervous Prostration Weakness, Langour, General Decility, and Mental De-pression. By purifying my blood with Ayer't dersana-tile f was completely cured."—Mrs. Mary hisyona, 146 Suffolk at, Lowell, Mass.

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The Rev. J. S. Graham of Buckhannon, W. Va., sare: Ayer's Hareaparilla."

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